

# **EXHIBIT B**

## **Mula Escobar- Meek Mill Intro Dreams And Nighnmares**

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**Mula Escobar: Yeah Mula Escobar. Shout out to Meek Mill. Shout out to the team.**

**One day I had a dream, it felt so real.  
One of my mans got shot. It got me hungry to kill.  
I smoked with him before it happened. He told me the news  
that he just got his diploma, getting ready to move.  
Maybe up high in the mountains, just away from the hood.  
Somewhere to take care of his kids, so they can grow to be good.  
'Cause all this shooting is crazy, he can't live like this.  
Walking around with a stroller, he wouldn't take that risk.  
So as we head downstairs, my heads buzzing in thoughts.  
Something telling me leave, I couldn't help it, the walk.  
That was my bro right there. I seen a couple of more.  
They was mad at something, the scene was ready for war.  
I asked a trip to the store, but my mind said no.  
But my body was ready, it really wanted to go.  
So I made up a lie, and I went with my mind.  
I told him I left the oven on, let me check out the time.  
A couple of hours went by, U/I news.  
They say my man's in the hospital with more than a bruise.  
I couldn't believe it was true. Like why it had to be you.  
Some bitch niggas came around, I heard they shot up the crew.  
I wish I could rewind time, and told him to stay.  
So we could we could light another blunt and see who wins in 2K.  
But now you're in a better place, I still see your face.  
And the last moment that we had bro will never erase.  
Huh, hey, hold up, wait a minute, I wasn't even dreaming.  
Someone call the devil. Let him know that I'm a demon.  
'Cause I'm a find that nigga 'till the day that I retire.  
I'm a blast him, then you hear these U/I on the tire.  
I'm a real nigga, I does this. Camping out in your hallway.  
Fuck around, I'll fuck around and blast your ass in broad day.  
I'm the type that never quit. I'm a find out where you live,**

And the only thing that's stopping me is to shoot in front of kids.  
I stay gripped up, 'cause I can't slip. Reload with more hand clips.  
Shotgun with a short nose will fold you like a pamphlet.  
Fake niggas can't stand it. Top Flight just landed.  
You snitch boys who fake toys, yeah 'hola' I a bandit.  
I'm Mula, I'm a shooter man, you know you heard of me.  
I'm that young nigga that's wilding, always running from the "D"s.  
I'm so quick to catch a case, I done been through lawyer fees.  
Man we'll kill you, then forget you, with my niggas rolling trees. Ahh. Real shit. Swagg  
Class. R.I.P.

End